
A
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Upon a late Pamphlêt,

Entituled,

A Satyr against Wit.

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SATYR

Upon a Late
PAMPHLET

Entituled,
A Satyr against Wit.
by D^r Blackmore

*Semper Ego Auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam?
Angliaci totiès vexatus carmine codri?*

D. 117. 17. 1702 9m.

L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year MDCC.

Price 4 d.

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SATYR

Upon a Late

PAMPHLET

Entitled

A Satyr against Wit

Scilicet Ego Auditorium & Ludibundum repositum
Agilicet totius cunctis coacti

LONDON

Printed in the Year MDC.

Price 4d

SATYR

Upon a late Pamphlet,

Entituled,

A Satyr against Wit.

WHO can unmov'd in stupid silence sit,
 And see condemn'd the Nation's glory, Wit;
 Its Fame oppress'd, and tuneless Champions grown
 Objects of Satyr for a Rhiming *Sloan*;
 Were not in view his senseless gingling Aim,
 Britain had gain'd more Honour, he less Shame;
 How can so Dull, so Infamous a Birth,
 Bring less than Scandal on his Native Earth?

B

He,

He, like the sacrilegious Wretch of Old,
 Rather than not do something Great and Bold,
 Dares to pollute, and strike at *Wit Divine*,
 'Tis not *Diana's*, but *Apollo's Shrine*.

Wit is a Radiant Spark of Heav'nly Fire,
 Full of Delight, and worthy of Desire;
 Bright as the Ruler of the Realms of Day,
 Sun of the Soul, with in-born Beauties gay;
 Crowded with Rivals, like a charming fair,
 And those that cannot gain, no railing spare:
 So grew Invectives from a Scribler's Brains,
 Whose Person shews more Satyr than his Strains;
 His mere Creation's for Lampoon design'd,
 His rhyming Libel, few, Himself, Mankind;
 Tho' He pretends to Write, yet fears to own,
 It must be ^{lackmore} ~~Be~~ by his rumbling Tone;
 Like a Young Sinner, Conscious, and Asham'd,
 Fain he denies, yet will not be reclaim'd;
 B^{lackmore}, a Witling, Quack, or any thing
 To turn the Penny, and to vent his Sting;
 When Physick fails, to Verse the Doctor flies,
 In Coffee-house, and Street, his Genius tries;
 Why.

Why should he take such pains to let us know!

His Book confirms what Preface aims to shew:

B^{lackmore}, whose Name and Nature seem ally'd;

Who can wash white, what has so long been dy'd!

Spotted with Sturs his Infancy began,

And so from Child, it handed Him to Man.

His tawny Kinsman of the neither Clime,

Not labours more to Damn, than He to Rhime;

His far-fetch'd sounds invenom'd spite disclose,

And, like him, basely grasps at Friends or Foes;

'Twixt *Pen* and *Potion* is his Time assign'd;

This mortifies the *Body*, That the *Mind*;

Both to Tormenting make some vile pretence,

One Tortures *Souls*, and other *Limbs* and *Sence*;

In one thing more their Nauseous Tempers hit;

That, Scoffs at *Goodness*; This, at *Sacred Writ*.

Wit, of all things, the sweetest, and the best,

By most is fanci'd, but by few possess;

Were it by all, Fate would have nought to try;

Those it descend to Bless, can never dy;

Who,

Who, but a Muse, is deathless in Renown?
 Warriors expire, Kings have a fading Crown;
 In After-Ages Poets seem to Breathe,
 Their Lawrels flourish in despite of Death;
 Fame bears 'em on her Wings from Pole to Pole,
 The World contains their Wonders, Heav'n their Soul.

Wit was the Darling of the Ancient Days,
 Admir'd, and Crow'd with never-ending Praise;
 Tyrcens more, than Spartan Troops, Atchiev'd,
 What Weapons lost, all conquer'd Wit retriev'd;
 Hence Sophocles at Athens famous grew;
 No sooner Poet, but Commander too;
 So great, so lov'd, were Choirs of Phebus then,
 They staid from Arms to use the Nobler Pen;
 Horace at Rome was grac'd with like Success,
 Equal his Merit, nor his Fortune less;
 Victorious, Brave, and Wise, those Nations were,
 Yet Wit receiv'd a generous Usage there,

Must Britain only Treat it with Disdain,
 And all but Wits, securely happy reign!

While

While Juggling Quacks, and Noisy Lawyers thrive;
 Must Herds of Poets scarce be kept alive?
 Must all *Parnassus* prove a barren shore,
 And that Name *WIT*, portend the Name of Poor?
 Such is their Casual, would be, constant Fate;
 Could Impious B^{lackmore} sway and change the State;
 What daily Massacres of *Wit* he'd make?
 And merely ruin all for Envy's sake?
 He, Gyant-like, would Heav'n-born *Wit* assail,
 Tugging out Hundred Vocal Tools to scale;
Just so Ambition's Apes their pow'r employ,
 And what exceeds their reach, would fain destroy.

But God-like *William* loaths his awkward Strain;
 He rules *Parnassus*, and rewards its Train;
 His piercing Eye that well-known Truth descries,
 Empire and Poesy together rise; *Rose.*
Wit Courts his Patronage, as we his sway,
 Both he supports, and both with Pride Obey:
Wit is a Paradiſe of Shining Grace,
William supplies the Guardian Angel's place,

While he displays his Universal Wings,
 We scorn the Serpent, and defy his Stings;
 Let him expose his Teeth, he cannot bite,
 Let him Scrawl on; he knows not how to Write.

Such is their Casualty, would be, constant Fate,
 Could Impious B- away and change the State;
 What daily Masses of W had make?
 And merely ruin all for Envy's sake?
 He, Gyan-like, would Heav'n-born Wn assail;
 Tugging out Hundred Vocal Tools to fail;

~~Just to Ambition's And their power employ~~
 And what exceeds their reach, would ruin destroy.

But God-like William loaths his onward strain,
 He rules Paradox, and teaches to rain;
 His piercing Eye that well known Truth desires;
 Ramps and Body together rise;
 Wn Counts his Paradoxes, as we his ways;
 Both he supports, and both with Pride Oppy;

~~Wn a Paradise of shining Grace~~
 William supplies the Guardian Angels place;

